

Good Luck at last :

OR,
The Art of Scorning discovered.

Tune of, *Ab Jenny Gin, &c.*



Alexis.

How long Elisa shall I mourn
and sigh to you my pain ?
How long do you design to scorn,
and thus severe remain ?
Shall sighs no power have to free-
me from this wound I bear ?
Nor tears to blot my misery ?
ye gods must I despair ?

Elisa.

In vain Alexis you pretend
to win Elisa's heart,
you foolishly your time do spend,
for you augment your smart :



Then Cordial Admonition take,
in time your suit give o'er ;
What in those rains which are too slack,
resolve to love no more.

Alexis.

Command the torrent of the Sea,
its head-long course to stay,
Or make fierce Tempests calm to be,
when these you do obey :
Then I'll resolve to court no more,
for I'll preposterous prove,
I'll leave the goddess I adore,
and quite resign my love.

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Alexis.

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Or make fierce Tempests calm to be,
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Then I'll resolve to court no more,
for 't is preposterous to prove,
I'll leave the goddess I adore,
and quite resign my love.



Elisa.

'Amintas now my heart both own,
 He now enjoys that sem,
 No him it both belong alone,
 nothing can it redeem:
 Hence therefore hold Usurper off,
 If good words can't prevail,
 I this experiment will try;
 severer usage shall.

Alexis.

All will not do; for I will love
 to my last sigh'd-out breath;
 Nought my hot passion can remove
 but the cold hand of death;
 Death, who'll immediately appear,
 when e're Alexis pleases;
 This fatal sword shall fetch him here;
 my second wight-for ease.

To thee (O Cupid) I must make
 my self a sacrifice;
 A purer sure you ne'r did take
 into eternal bliss;
 Now, now thy dreadful point appear,
 to strike Alexis dead,
 And send his soul exempt from care
 to his celestial bed.



Elisa.

Hold, hold my dear that impious hand,
 this bloody scene remove;
 Let Death abate at the command
 of my all conquering love:
 Long since you did obtain my heart,
 though always I seem'd coy,
 Though I to scorn you had the art,
 you only was my joy,

Alexis,

Charm me Elisa with that voice
 tell this to thy gods above,
 Tell them that mortals here have joys
 as great as they; in love
 Come dear Elisa, come apace,
 fly to my longing arms,
 Let us enjoy while time and place
 invites each others charms.

FINIS

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